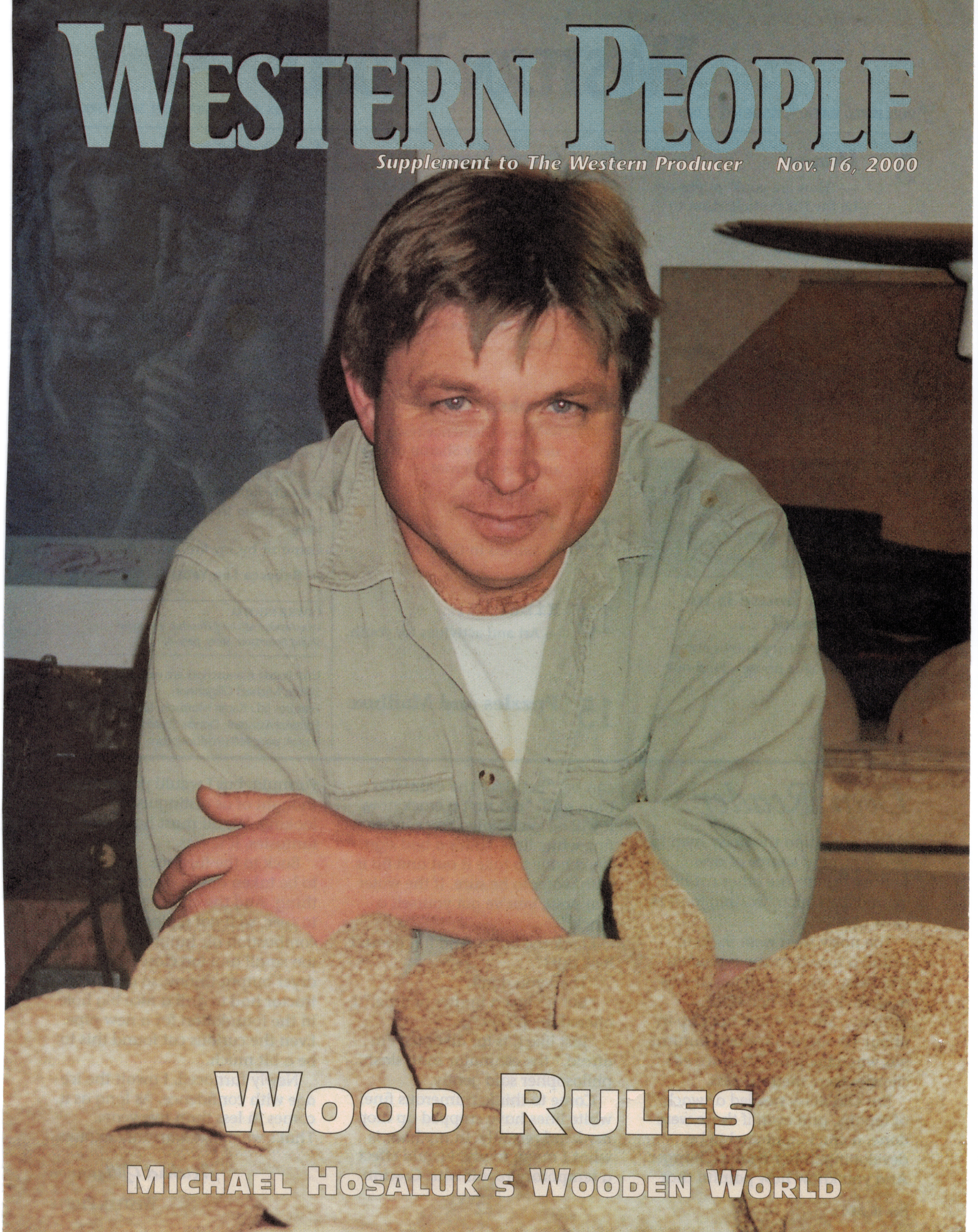
WESTERN PEOPLE
Supplement to The Western Producer Nov. 16, 2000



WOOD RULES

MICHAEL HOSALUK'S WOODEN WORLD

WESTERN PEOPLE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; ISSUE NO. 1,070

BOX 2500, SASKATOON, SASK. S7K 2C4

3 **Humor**
— "How are you?" might not be the the best question to ask a senior citizen.

4 **Fiction**
— "Tug-o-War" by Pamela McDowell.

6

Your house is in the mail. . .
— Les Henry knows about catalogue houses. Find out why.

8 **Cover Story**
— Woodworker Michael Hosaluk has something to crow abut.

10 **Poetry**
— by Allan Safarik, Linda Gabris and Greta Vesterback Nelson.

11 **Books**
— Verne Clemence reviews new books by Sharon Butala and Trevor Herriot.

12 **Travel**
— Sunsets in Costa Rica.

13 **KiDSPiN!**
— Art and activities for youth.

15 **Puzzles and Mailbox**

Acceptance

I have gone as far as I can go.
I am camped at the edge
of a great canyon
overlooking my life.
I am waving the white flag
of my own surrender.
This is a great event.
Around my campfire I recognize
no enemies,
Only myself, the sound of coyotes,
a full moon rising,
the tremble of aspens, the smell of sage.

Staring into the flame I realize
I no longer want to change the world,
only be
a steady light in a changing world.
I want to go the distance.
Here.
Come sit by my fire.

— Rebecca Lee Yates

COVER PHOTO
Woodworker Michael Hosaluk. Photo by Sheila Robertson. Story, page 8.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome
Editor: Michael Gillgannon
Features Ed.: Karen Morrison, Sheila Robertson
Editorial Assistant: Donna Skaalid
E-mail: **people@producer.com**

Dear Reader

One cat found the noisy men to be a bountiful source of new sensory inputs; the other cat hid behind the couch, waiting for it to blow over.

The noisy men were there to install a new furnace, replacing Old Betsy, who would not, it was now obvious, see her 40th birthday. She was first fired up in about 19-aught-62, when natural gas was cheap and furnace efficiencies were meaningless.

But Old Betsy needed a swack of repairs, and even if those were done, a crack appeared to be developing in her heat exchanger. And you know how painful that can be. "Besides," the estimator man said, "if it isn't a crack now, it will be eventually. You can see a fine white line. That's a bad sign. We'd have to take it out and fill it with water to be sure. If the water leaks out, you've got yourself a crack."

I took the bait. "And if it doesn't leak out?"

"Then you don't."

"But it's just a matter of time," I offered, helpfully.

"Just like it is for all of us, I'm afraid," the estimator man slash philosopher said gently.

Come to think, numerous fine, white lines have cropped up atop my head recently. In my hair, is what I mean to say. I could effect a temporary repair with Grecian Formula, but I would prefer to be thought of as distinguished-looking. We all must have our fantasies, it seems.

Back to the furnace. Betsy had to be taken out in pieces, poor thing. And the chimney wasn't up to spec, so it got replaced. And the combustion air input thingy was too small and too close to the dryer output thingy, so a sub-contractor had to drill a nice big hole in the foundation for a new pipe. Even the curious cat found this to be a bit much.

Newly furnaced, I await the ice age with confidence. As long as it comes in less than five years. That's when the warranty expires.

Michael Gillgannon

Under the weather and over the hill

Humor by Joe Campbell

On becoming what is euphemistically called a senior citizen, I qualified for all sorts of perks and favors. It's society's final attempt at undermining my independence. The federal government is leading the charge with a significant pension, granted as soon as I reached the designated age. At the same time, I received a plastic card proclaiming that I'm receiving a benefit under the Old Age Security Act and asking that I be extended all possible privileges.

I didn't realize being a certified old guy would have such an impact. I needn't even flash the plastic card. No sooner do I board a bus than frail young women jump to their feet and offer me their places. I always decline; their offers suggest I'm even frailer than they are. Besides, if I accept one, I have to reject the others. That could be dangerous nowadays. So I tell them I'd rather sit on their laps, all of them. This dispels any thoughtful overtures, and they settle for treating me with studied indifference.

Unless you've got the day off, the first rule in approaching seniors is never to ask how they are.

Other well-meaning souls assume I'm deaf, legally blind, mentally compromised and financially stressed. They shout when they talk to me, foist large print books on me, explain things to me endlessly, and insist on giving me discounts on goods and services. It's enough to make me want to be young again.

One of the benefits of youth is that you're unlikely to be called a junior citizen. I've been accused of many things, but not that. However, if I've never been a junior, how did I suddenly become a senior? Maybe I'm not a senior citizen after all.

I sometimes pretend I'm not. Occasionally, I try to pass as an uncertified old guy. It doesn't work. Too many people know me. They keep asking how I like retirement.

"It's what I've always wanted to do," I invariably reply. They think I'm being facetious, but I was never more serious. I wanted to retire as soon as I started to work. When my wife and I were raising a family, our wants outstripped our finances. Now, with multiple pensions and accumulated savings, our finances outstrip our wants, not to mention our capacity to consume. Does that make sense to you? It doesn't to me. We should retire when we're young enough to exploit it and work when we're too old to care. That's what I plan to do next time.

Of course, I'm not your typical retiree. Most people slow down as they grow older. I slow up; it's more challenging. Many get ugly, but I was ugly to begin with. Many others lose their resilience. I never had any (I couldn't afford it.) Still others become unsociable. I don't — as long as I'm left alone.

Supposedly, we decline in intelligence with age, but you couldn't prove it by me. I have no comparative data. I cheated on the IQ tests, because I didn't want my teachers to know how bright I was, or wasn't. I feared they'd expect too much from me. Consequently, I'll never know whether I'm getting smarter or dumber.

What I do have in common with other seniors are aches and pains. Often, they not only start the conversation, they sustain it indefinitely. Unless you've got the day off, the first rule in approaching seniors is never to ask how they are.

The older I get, the more popular I become with doctors, druggists and morticians. They suspect that sooner or later I'll require their expensive services. While it's possible to escape the doctors and druggists, morticians are another matter. Unless I expire by spontaneous combustion, they'll doubtless get to cremate me, bury or stuff me.

The latter option is tempting. As a boy, I wanted to join the RCMP, but got sidetracked into journalism. If, in life, I failed to become a mounted policeman, it's comforting to think that, in death, I could become a mounted police reporter. ■

Fiction by
Pamela W. McDowell

Tug-o-War

"Come on, Kate!" Jessica called.

"Just give her a kick!" Matt suggested as he held two strands of broken wire aside. The third strand was buried beneath trampled grass and snow.

"Try smacking her with your reins," Riley urged impatiently.

Great advice, as if I hadn't a clue how to get the mare to move forward. No matter what I tried, promises or threats, pats or blows, nothing convinced her to step through the break in the fence.

"It's getting dark, Kate. My mom'll get worried if I'm not home soon," Matt said.

"Mine, too. I'm already late for supper," Jessica agreed.

My face flushed with embarrassment. I threw myself from the saddle, jerking the reins as the mare skittered to one side. "Could you stop by my house and tell my mom I had to take the long way home?" I asked. "This stupid horse will not step over one simple strand of wire."

"Sure, Kate. Good luck."

Luck has nothing to do with it, I thought, watching my friends turn their horses and head for home. My mare refused to cross a single strand of wire she couldn't even see. How she knew it was there was beyond me, but that wire was all that separated us from a short ride home.

I turned to remount, but the mare, wide-eyed, tossed her head and side-stepped away from me. All those hours of tender care to earn her trust had been undone at this break in the fence. Frustrated with both of us, I stalked off toward the road, dragging the nervous, sweaty mare behind me.

The next weekend, I decided to explore the area down by the river. The mare seemed to have recov-

Leanne Dufour Atchison

ered from our fight over the wire, though my head still rang from the lecture Dad had delivered as he insisted that I untack and rub my horse completely dry before going in for supper.

"When are you going to learn to trust this mare?" he had demanded. "Did you even consider the kind of damage a wire cut can do?"

His angry words echoed in my ears. No more shortcuts through downed fences for me. But the river area was different. I'd ridden there almost every day during summer vacation and knew the trails well.

A heavy snowfall made the trail down the bank slippery, but the mare proceeded slowly, carefully placing each foot and keeping her weight on her haunches.

"Steady mare, go easy," I soothed as we slid the last few feet down the bank. As we broke through the last of the bush lining the river's edge, I reined her to a halt. "Wow," I breathed. Last night's snow had created a winter dreamscape: sunlight twinkled in the hoarfrost decorating every tree and the snow sparkled in a soft even blanket below the brilliant blue sky. The river lay still beneath the snow, its babbling silenced by the cold. The mare's breath and mine rose in big clouds as we exhaled into the crisp winter air that made our nostrils tingle. "Wow," I breathed again, and the mare blew softly, as if in agreement.

I urged her out onto the ice. The footing along the edge seemed good. Eight inches of snow covered the ice, which was thick enough to support the ski-doos and trailers used by our neighbors to haul firewood up from the river. I rode for a mile or so on the undisturbed, frozen river, enjoying my own private wonderland. No one had seen it before me and none would see it after, for the rising sun was melting the frost and it fell from the trees, marring the trackless snow.

When we reached Greneveld's bridge, I decided to head home and turned the mare toward the riverbank. Two feet from the edge, she balked, refusing to go forward. I couldn't see anything wrong: the snow lay smooth and undisturbed all the way to the shadow of the bridge and up the bank.

"Come on, mare. Don't do this to me again." I urged her forward. Again she balked, this time more agitatedly. Tossing her head, she tried to turn around, hooves scattering the snow until she was slipping on bare ice.

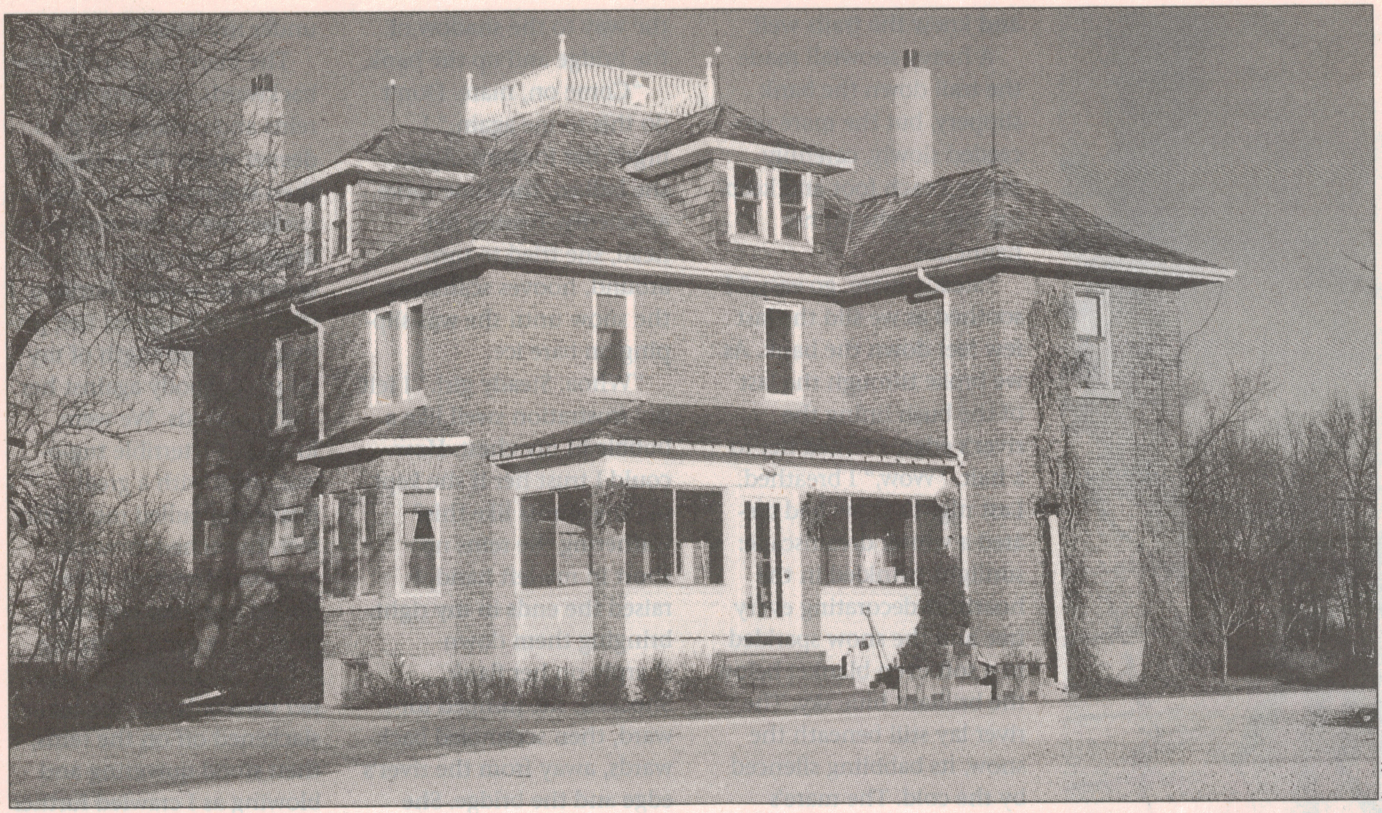
"Whoa. Steady girl." I felt my frustration swell like a bubble in my chest. How could I trust her if she kept pulling stunts like this? Gathering the reins up short in my left hand, I raised the ends in my right, bringing them down sharply on her flank. Shocked, she jumped forward, then scrambled backwards, away from the river's edge and the bridge. She stood with her nose down, legs braced against my attempts to force her forward. Angrily, I thought of my mile-long hike back to the road last weekend. This horse was not going to make me backtrack again!

The bubble of my frustration burst. Jerking on the reins, I brought them down on her left flank and then her right. She grunted in surprise and her front feet slipped forward as she hunched her back in refusal. I tumbled from the saddle, rolling through the snow until I crashed through thin ice and splashed into the icy water near the bridge. I gasped as the water stabbed at my skin. As I struggled to my feet in the knee-high water, the mare began to back frantically toward the centre of the river, tightening the reins into a tangled knot around my hand. Clutching those reins like a lifeline, I tried to climb up onto the ice near the bridge, but it kept breaking under my weight.

The mare was scrambling backwards, yanking the reins and pulling me into deeper water. Knee-deep, then thigh-deep, the water soaked my jacket and jeans, dragging me down with its numbing weight. Terrified, I tried to pull against her, pitting all the strength of my 90-pound body against her 1,000 pounds. We were locked in a terrible tug-o-war, until with a great heave she pulled me off my feet. Launched forward, arms outstretched, I was pulled headfirst onto the thicker ice away from the bridge. Scrambling to regain her own balance, the mare slackened off on the reins, then stood quivering and blowing as I crawled further onto the ice, and slowly rose to my feet.

"Sssstead-d-dy mmm-mare," I stuttered with cold lips that refused to move. "It'sssss OK." I reached out a hand shaking with cold and the mare blew at it, tossing her head with uncertainty. As I stood, dripping and shivering, she surveyed me warily, then lowered her head and took a step towards me. Exhaling with relief, I slowly moved towards her, patted her neck and finally lifted a foot into the stirrup.

Mounted again, I turned her back the way we had come. She broke into a careful jog, and I clung to the saddlehorn, reins swinging slack alongside her neck. With hands and arms too numb to move, I was forced to put my trust completely in the mare to get us home. This is what Dad had wanted me to do, sort of. Funny that he didn't say "I told you so," when we arrived wet and shivering at the barn door. ■



Les Henry

The Lone Star Farm near Sperling, Man. — an Eaton's catalogue house built in 1918 for $8,000.

Prices subject to change

Les Henry might know more about catalogue houses (Eaton's and others) than anyone else. Growing up in one got him started.

By Paul Yanko

Imagine a four-bedroom, two-storey home that has more than 1,000 square feet of floor space on the main floor alone. It features a reception hall from which an open stairway leads to the second floor. It comes complete with a fireplace and a veranda, and it could be yours for the low, low price of $1,518.91. That includes sufficient nails, worth $55, and exterior paint and stain, worth $65.71.

What's that? You want plumbing as well? No problem, but that will set you back an additional $205. And the complete hot air heating plant, advisable for those prairie winters, costs $162.

These prices were the going rate for Modern Home No. 666, in Eaton's fall and winter catalogue for 1917-18.

The advertising describes the structure as having "the maximum of space at the minimum cost of both material and labor." It goes on to extol the home's six closets, "that boon to the housewife."

It was growing up in an Eaton's home similar to this one, near Milden, Sask., that sparked Les Henry's interest in catalogue houses. Over the years, he has researched the subject thoroughly. His new book, *Catalogue Houses; Eatons' and Others* is the result.

"The thing that really made this project go was my interaction with the people who were raised in these homes," explained the 60-year-old Henry, who lives in Saskatoon. "The people who were raised in these things have a great emotional connection to them."

It is clear that Henry also feels this emotional connection to the vintage houses. Sitting in his comfortably-appointed den/office, the retired professor of soil science at the University of Saskatchewan demonstrates an encyclopedic knowledge of his subject. It was gained, in large part, from having visited every one of the homes about which he writes.

In the years following the First World War, Henry explained, prairie farmers could command a good price for their crops. Along with the prosperity came a housing boom, upon which the T. Eaton Co. was prepared to capitalize.

"Their houses were all made of exceptional materials," noted Henry. "They were made of Douglas fir, 'seven feet in diameter and 200 feet to the first branch' – that's what the advertising material said."

Though he has an academic background, Henry says his book is not an academic work. He considers it a story book and he's quick to show why.

"Roy Atkinson was raised in that house, near Landis, Sask.," Henry offered as we thumbed through a thick photo album documenting all the homes he has visited. "He was the president of the NFU [National Farmers' Union] for many years."

We flipped a couple pages ahead and I spotted a beautiful home located near a very scenic pond.

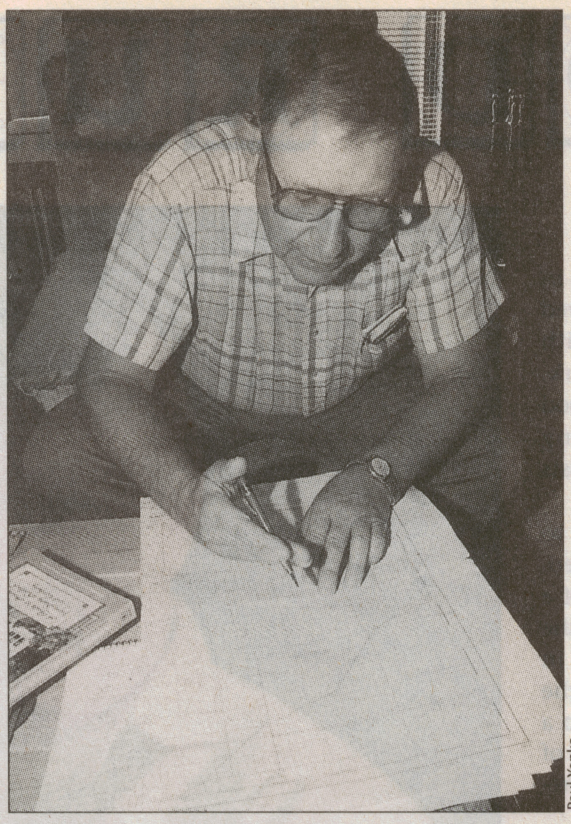
"That one was built in 1918 and a bachelor school teacher lives there today," he tells me. "He's renovated it and kept the outside character, but the inside has been completely redone."

As he was growing up, Henry knew the Eaton's company was somehow involved with his own childhood home, which has since been torn down, but beyond that he knew little more.

"Dad always said that Grandpa cut the cheque for the house for $5,000," recalled Henry. "He also told me the wood came on a rail car from British Columbia and that it took four or five weeks to get here."

As an adult, travelling the Prairies doing soil research, Henry began to notice houses that appeared similar to the one in which he had been raised.

His curiosity was piqued and in 1985 he decided to write a letter to Fred Eaton, then president of Eaton's. The information he received in return, from Eaton's Archives in Toronto, formed the basis for Henry's first article on the subject, published in *Western People* in June, 1985.



Paul Yanko

Les Henry marks the location of each house on a topographic map.

In it, he recalled the thrill of climbing a ladder from the attic, in his family's house at Milden, to reach the "widow's walk" capping the house.

"I had a shiver in my spine when I dared to look down, but it was handy for locating cattle that were grazing on stubble fields after harvest," he wrote. From his perch, he could see Milden, Sovereign, Wiseton and Dinsmore, as well as the Missouri Coteau hills 30 miles south.

That article generated considerable response from people who, like Henry, had grown up sheltered by the walls of Eaton's homes or similar structures.

In fact, Henry pointed out, the "Eaton's House" is to catalogue homes what Kleenex has become to facial tissue. Sears, the United Grain Growers and even his former employer, the University of Saskatchewan, all produced home plans at one time, but over the years they all became popularly known as "Eaton's Houses."

Henry is meticulous about his correspondence. He responded to each letter or phone call he received in connection with his initial article on the houses.

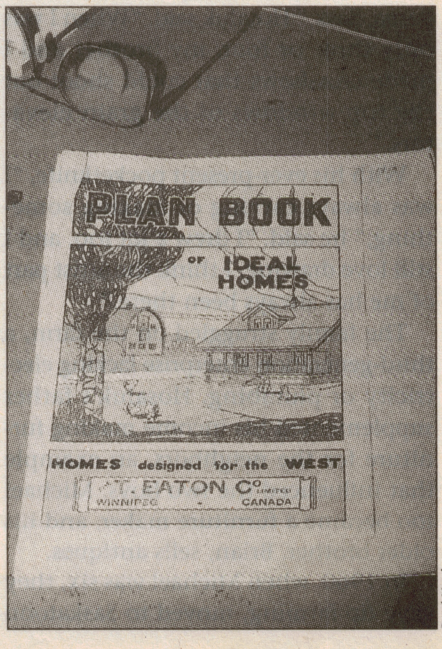
"I always had the notion that I was going to do something else with this stuff," said Henry, leafing through the pile of letters and notes he has filed in a metal cabinet in a corner of his den. However, when his wife, Fran, a painter who illustrated his article about the houses, died in 1988, he "lost interest in everything" for a time.

During the winter of 1998/99, Henry received a few more inquiries from people who had heard of his interest in the catalogue houses. By then, he had gathered what he calls the world's greatest collection of Eaton's plan books. In addition, he had built himself a solid reputation as an expert on the matter.

"I said, 'There's a story here, and if I don't tell it, who will?' I made a commitment to myself and once I do that, unless I get sick or someone dies, it's going to happen — that's just the way I've always been."

That determination, a significant investment of time, money and the assistance of his current wife, Inga Cariou, all combined to see the book project through to its recent completion. Henry calls it a labor of love.

"If the book is successful, maybe I'll do a second edition," he said. "I guess the market will have to determine that. No matter what happens, it's something I'll never lose interest in." ■



Paul Yanko

WOOD RULES

By Sheila Robertson

Individuals seldom win accolades in their fields without having served long apprenticeships. So it is with woodworker Michael Hosaluk, whose boyhood fascination with wood perhaps contributed to his being named recently as one of five finalists for the Saidye Bronfman Award.

The prize in this annual tribute to excellence among Canada's craftspeople is $20,000, plus the purchase of a body of work for the collection of the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull, Que. Hosaluk, nominated by the Saskatchewan Craft Council, is also a two-time winner (in 1998 and 2000) of the council's top award, the $2,000 Premier's Prize.

Hosaluk, from the Saskatoon area, is better known in Australia, Texas and Tennessee, where he's done numerous workshops in the past decade, than he is in Canada. That may be about to change. Being nominated for the prestigious Bronfman has brought some attention, and he and the other finalists will be exhibiting in a special display in Toronto, in conjunction with the award announcement Nov. 23.

"I've always worked with wood, since I was a little kid living on a farm near Rama, Sask," Hosaluk said. "When I was only three or four, my brother and I made crossbows that could shoot out the top windows of the grain elevators."

With his ever-present pocketknife, "I was always carving or making something," he said. "I drew a lot too, and I still love drawing. I think the artist part of me has always been there."

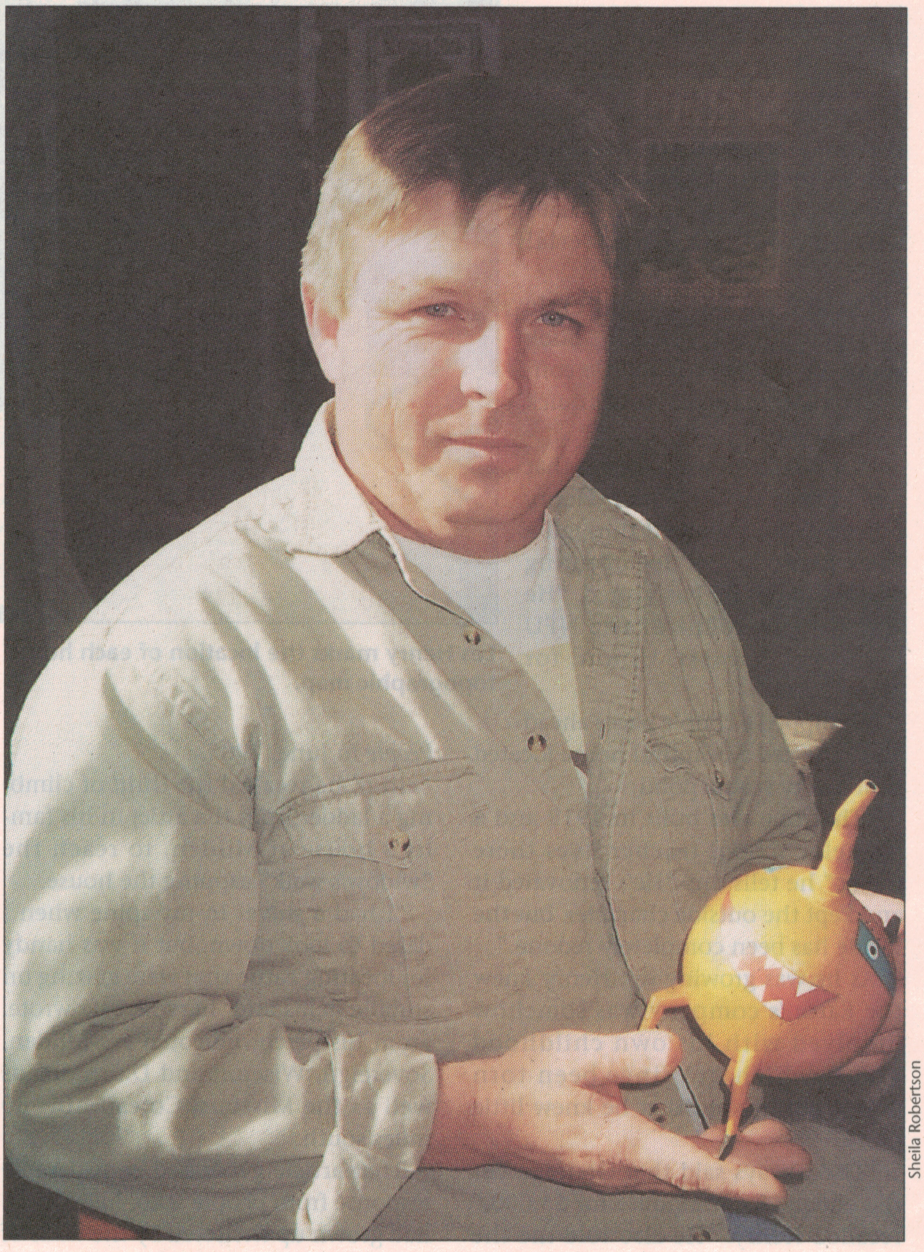
The family struggled on the farm, a third-generation enterprise lacking electricity or plumbing. Hosaluk's father supplemented his income making furniture for the neighbors, an example that influenced the two boys. Michael too became a furniture maker, and his older brother, Brian, sells antiques.

In 1960, when Michael was six, they gave up farming, moved to Saskatoon and established a large boarding house. "It was a real change of culture. We now had a warm house and TV," Hosaluk recalled. At the same time, family life became chaotic.

"We fed 50 or 60 people in two shifts. Some were university students — many from other countries — and some were psychiatric patients who'd been forced out of hospital" in a wave of so-called de-institutionalization.

"It was like *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* coming to your house," he said. Once, when he came home from school, a tenant was being rushed to hospital after a suicide attempt.

"It taught me to appreciate the little things," he reflected. Accustomed to being surrounded by a crowd, he grew up patient, friendly and unflappable. His interest in people and different cultures eventually found outlets in his



Sheila Robertson

A figurative wooden teapot is among Michael Hosaluk's quirky creations.

work, both in his passion for travel and in the facial imagery in his creations. Teeth, eyes and other figurative elements embellish his bowls, teapots, mirror frames, tables and other items.

A favored piece in his own collection is a quirky wooden teapot painted bright orange and resembling a comic-book character. The three-legged figure has a spout resembling a bent stovepipe (a detail recurring in his drawings), eyes and a toothy grin at once menacing and funny.

Recently, he's been focusing on interlocking, carved and turned containers suggesting horns as well as sea otters and other creatures. He calls these abstract pieces "family," referring both to his own family and the extended one of woodworker friends around the world.

Hosaluk credits his parents with "letting me express myself," and has always welcomed his own four children into his workshop. As preschoolers, they were taught "how to use a drill press and a band saw," he said. Twenty-one-year-old Jason, who has worked with him the most, is now studying art at the University of Saskatchewan.

AK Photos

"They learned a work ethic here in the shop," said Hosaluk. They got an hourly wage for helping with sanding, staining and oiling.

Hosaluk's shop is compulsively neat, although filled with projects he's completing for commissions, shows and sales in the United States and Canada. He has used a range of materials in his creations, including plastic and metal, but wood rules. It even fuels the stove heating the workshop.

You can be sure, though, that he scrutinizes each scrap of wood before it goes to the fire. He happily scrounges wood and has been known to return from a trip to the dump with a heavier load than when he went. Nor does he limit himself to precious woods. In fact, it was a peculiar bump in a tree trunk he'd cut up for firewood that got him started making bowls on the lathe in 1978.

AK Photos

He was a cabinetmaker then, earning good money renovating kitchens. He'd borrowed his father's lathe — "In fact, I never did give it back," he said with a grin. "I was collecting firewood for the shop when I saw these pieces of wood with big lumpy growths on them, burls. I threw one of them on the lathe and the beauty was incredible. It was like alchemy. You can take this worthless wood and turn it into a jewel of an object."

He approached it as a hobby, and initially sold his maple burl bowls for about $10. Now his works command hundreds, even thousands of dollars from international collectors.

The creative process "is about a hunger to make beautiful objects," he said. Immersing himself in wood, "I got to know it's natural qualities."

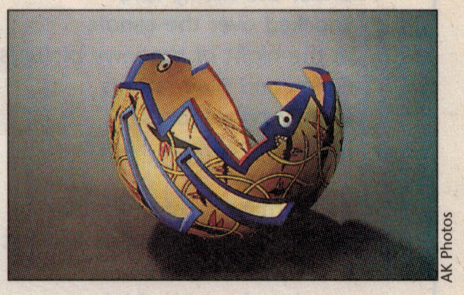
He founded the Saskatchewan Woodworkers Guild about this time, and in 1981 entered two pieces in the first North American turned object show. The jury accepted both works, and he and his wife, Marilyn, attended the opening in Philadelphia. "I loved the people and the lifestyle and that was it. I decided if I was going to devote my time and energy to something, I might as well like it."

AK Photos

He stopped making kitchen cabinets, and turned all his attention to craft objects. "We went from a middle-class income to poverty," he said. However, Marilyn, who raises German shepherd dogs on their small acreage west of Saskatoon, was fully supportive.

"She always said, 'Don't worry. It'll work out.'" And it did. In 1982, he organized a woodturning conference at the Kelsey Institute in Saskatoon, where he'd taken a crash course in cabinet making and millwork in 1974. The conference has evolved into a biennial, multidisciplinary workshop now held at Emma Lake. This past summer's event culminated with an auction of works created on site, drawing wood collectors from as far as Chicago and Santa Fe. Proceeds went to the sponsors, Emma Lake's Kenderdine Campus, and the Saskatchewan Craft Gallery.

Hosaluk's travels have influenced him personally and professionally. His containers, vases and bowls are like travelogues. The surfaces, which may be burned, stained, bleached, carved or painted, are sometimes embedded with faces and figures, and accented with shells, horsehair and other souvenir objects.


AK Photos

The thrill of forging new territory in his creative work reminds Hosaluk of being a five-year-old, going exploring on the farm, he said. In December, after the Toronto exhibition, and two more in Chicago and Rochester, N.Y., he'll have time to pursue new ideas. He'd like to translate works from his family series into sculptures eight or nine metres tall, cast in concrete. He also envisions some original art furniture, including a couch shaped like a hot dog. "I think maybe it'll have pickle cushions," he said. ■

The Drifter

Got off the bus
checked into the motel
seven weeks ago
Living on grilled cheese,
sound of it spattering on the grill
Gallons of highway coffee
a worn-out magazine rack
radical color on the motel TV

Waiting, everybody thought, for what
Not much for random conversation
Could be waiting on a trucker
or a mysterious car full of strangers
Suppose there's the possibility of a woman,
maybe a jealous husband

Not really the partying type
The new red-headed waitress,
falling fast like a fall flower
under the skinny sun,
knocked over the candle
in the night of shadowy pictures
Green and blue tattoos
slightly out-of-focus
under the artificial light

By morning, frost in the swaths
He got back on the bus and left
Bitter prairie wind
yapping down the highway
like a half-froze dog

— **Allan Safarik**

a prairie picture

her weathered hands
busy as the bent old man
hooped in a frame of prairie dust
as he harrows the hazy horizon. How those hands
never tire
of working
flaxen fields far as the needled eye can see. From her place
in the small paned window. She watches
neath a furrowed brow
as her tiller tills
crops for her creations. With each delicate stitch
her thimbled finger draws
the perfect plot
she hems. He hems
encircled by endless rows
he sows. She sews
and where the old man has trod. She has threaded
ever so gently. Every fibre of their soul
embedded in yellowed pairs
of old linen pillow slips

— **Linda Gabris**

Beach House

the hanging clouds
in cumulous tumble
reach woolly fingers
into the Coast Range mountains
undulating their slope and fall
over the south-flow blueness of the Straits.
I see the blue heron's rock,
the pool, the dying snag's fragile
jutting beak to the wind
through sturdy windows I can see the blues
basking in the gleaming sun
life flowing north-south as the tide takes it
where shadows fly like facial grimaces;
open door and window heat
bring peace silence, sifting
through maple leaves, fluttering
over patio stones, basking in the sun
battered beach rocks
iridescent green and brown in tidal pools
this house pulses birth and death
strong as the tides,
fragile as tidal pools

— **Greta Vesterback Nelson**

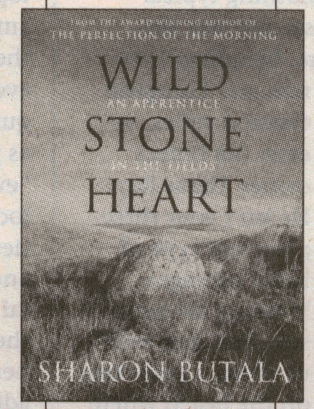
BOOKS

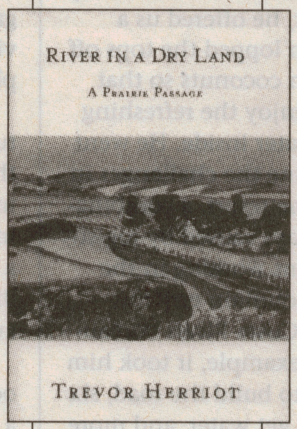
TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS

By Verne Clemence

Love of the land and concern for conservation inspired two new books this fall.

In *Wild Stone Heart: An Apprentice in the Field*, Eastend writer Sharon Butala picks up where she left off in her 1994 book, *Perfection of the Morning*. The 100-acre field where she walked and pondered the mysteries of her unfamiliar rural surroundings in the first book draw her even further into an inexplicable mystic dimension in the second.





The field had never been cultivated and Butala's rancher husband, wishing to conserve it in its natural state, had taken it out of use as grazing land. By then keenly attuned to nature, she began to experience things that could not be explained away by the sudden appearance of a coyote or a gust of wind.

Something or someone connected with that land spoke to her in a manner so powerful that she became convinced she must share what she learned. Ultimately, the 60-year-old best-selling author became convinced she was communicating with the spirits of indigenous peoples whose land and culture had been ruined by European settlers.

She discovered ancient burial sites in the field, and old stone tools and arrowheads, objects that seemed to have special meaning. Once a group of Native women appeared, and then disappeared. On other occasions she strongly felt the presence of someone she could not see; heard detached voices, or loud cries.

Fearful that she would not be believed, she internalized the experiences. But finally the burden of history had to be shared. She describes her feelings: "For us to say that history began with our arrival is so wrong, and so arrogant. I wanted to convey to other Euro-Canadians the power of this understanding that I'd come to, and I wanted to convey it with the same power with which it came to me."

Wild Stone Heart is a courageous book. Butala's extraordinary love for the land shines through, and her ideas for preserving the Prairies demand to be heard.

This HarperFlamingo book sells in hardcover for $28.

In *River In a Dry Land: A Prairie Passage*, Regina naturalist and author Trevor Herriot laments the passage of the Qu'Appelle Valley of his childhood. He stresses the need to develop methods of sustainable land use throughout the ecologically fragile region and calls for the preservation of what's left of its rolling hills and green forests.

Herriot travelled the Qu'Appelle basin in the summer of 1996. He writes, often angrily in the first part of the book, about changes in the valley. He is especially critical of the far-reaching impact of damming of the South Saskatchewan River near Outlook.

The basin stretches into Manitoba from its origins just east of Elbow on the South Saskatchewan River. Herriot was born and raised at Tantallon, in the east Qu'Appelle, and his journey ends there at the now abandoned home of his maternal grandparents.

As he moves through the valley, he envisions the Plains Cree and other indigenous tribes to whom the region was a resource-rich home, until European settlers arrived. He imagines the willful destruction of the buffalo herds by white hunters, and the mistreatment of Métis farmers by immigrants grasping for the best plots of land.

The abuse of the land and exploitation of resources over the years sicken the author. He questions the wisdom of abandoning rail lines in service of the same economic imperatives that once made them essential. He writes bitterly about the impact of factory farming in which the government, which should be the regulator, buys a partnership.

Herriot realizes there will be no return to "the ancient prairie genome," but he says there can be changes for the better in the way the land is used. He is even optimistic about some experimentation with sustainable land-use practices.

This is a passionate book with vivid images, eloquent prose, and a clearly enunciated warning. Stoddart is the publisher; the hardcover price is $34.95. ■

TRAVEL

SUNSETS TO GATHER FOR

By Robin and Arlene Karpan

Sunsets in the tropics are quite different from what we are used to in Western Canada. At home, the sun lingers, taking its sweet time sinking into the horizon. Farther south, sunset is a more specific event because it happens so quickly. The sun doesn't fool around — full daylight changes to a wildly colorful sky then to darkness within minutes. It's not unusual for visitors to Costa Rica's Pacific coast to watch the sun dip into the ocean, but at Villa Caletas this common daily occurrence is transformed into a spectacle.

People gather to celebrate the sunset at Villa Caletas.

Villa Caletas is a small resort sitting alone on a jungle-clad mountain top, a short drive from the popular beachside town of Jaco. Surrounded by the lush greenery of a tropical rainforest, it seems much more remote. Even the buildings of the 29-room hotel are hidden amongst the profuse trees, shrubs and colorful hibiscus and bougainvillea. We found the view incredible — the beach and rugged coastline some 1,200 feet below, with a wide expanse of ocean, islands and the Nicoya Peninsula far in the distance. There's a good chance of seeing wildlife. Long-tailed trogons were building a nest in a tree right outside our room, while toucans, monkeys and iguanas can be spotted along the mile-long trail through the rainforest from the hotel to the beach.

The swimming pool is like no other we have seen. Called a horizon pool, the side facing the ocean appears as if it doesn't have an edge. Being in the pool gives you a strange sensation because of the illusion that the water is pouring straight into the ocean far below.

There's nothing typical about the setting; not the architecture, blending Victorian and European classical styles, or even the hotel's owner, Denis Roy. He isn't your three-piece suit type of hotel manager. Wearing his swimsuit, Roy met with us under a palm tree on the beach where he takes his mid-day swim. First, he offered us a drink, then lopped the tops off three green coconuts so that we could enjoy the refreshing coconut water inside. He went on to outline the challenges in building the resort, a combination of delays caused by logistical problems working in the difficult mountain environment and Costa Rican bureaucracy. For example, it took him two years to build the road, six months to get water, and more than seven years to get telephone service.

Tourism is booming in Costa Rica, with massive hotel chain resorts popping up all over. Roy explained that his plan was to offer a departure from the impersonal nature of the 300-room hotel. It has taken several years, but this approach to tourism seems to be working, as Villa Caletas teamed up with other small independent resorts to form an association called the Small Distinctive Hotels of Costa Rica. Each is completely different, but together they provide an alternative to the mass tourism of the big hotel chains.

Villa Caletas' gathering place is the Greek-style amphitheater built into the mountainside, with Corinthian columns topped by flowering cacti. The amphitheater is occasionally the site of a music festival, but every other day the normally quiet hotel hums with activity as people arrive for the "event." They are a mix of locals from nearby communities, guests from other hotels, and even residents of the capital city, San Jose, who make the 90-minute drive to get here. The amphitheatre and adjoining bar fill as people visit, sip cold drinks or just gaze over the million-dollar view while classical music plays in the background.

As the setting sun begins to turn the sky gold and crimson, the chatting subsides. The music, reminiscent of a choir in a Gothic cathedral, reaches a crescendo. Then, as the sun disappears into the sea, the audience bursts into applause.

At first, it struck us as rather odd that people would clap for a sunset. Then again, it made perfect sense. Nature's shows are usually the most spectacular ones. Why not make it into a celebration?

For more information, contact Villa Caletas at (506) 257-3653. Web site: www.distinctivehotels.com

NEWS • ISSUES • SCIENCE • ART • VIEWS • HEALTH • SCHOOL • ENVIRONMENT

KiD SPiN

How to reach us:

mail: P.O. Box 2500, Saskatoon, Sask. S7K 2C4
e-mail: kidspin@producer.com
phone: 1-800-667-6978 or (306) 665-3543
fax: (306) 934-2401 (no art by fax, please)
KiDSPiN co-ordinator: Michelle Houlden

The Kids' Help Phone is free, it's confidential, and it's 24 hours a day. A friend is always on the other end of the line.

1-800-668-6868

Don't compare, live your own life

SIBLING

You know that kid in school who always has a hand raised, plays a million sports and gets straight A's? The one who drives you crazy because everything comes easily to him or her? Imagine living with that person (or maybe you do).

Lots of kids live with a brother or sister who's known for being very, very good at what they do.

Take Neal, whose older brother Andy got good grades, played football, excelled at graphic arts and got into a great university. Neal, meanwhile, struggled with his grades and often got in hot water with his parents. The two brothers got along great, but Neal felt he couldn't measure up to his brother's successes.

"My parents never compared me to Andy," Neal says, "but it would kinda stink because he would not get in trouble for grades and stuff, and it made me jealous. There was always a beef between me and my parents over grades, and he didn't have that."

But here's the upside to this story: As tough as academics were, Neal did graduate from a suburban high school in June, and he traveled to a major track meet. And his mother tells us, "Neal always got along with everyone. He's very compassionate, and he has a ton of really good friends."

That's the key to living with someone who seems to have it all: Develop your own life.

"If you feel you don't measure up easily, find your own measurements," says Martin Goldstein, director of Youth, etc. in Skokie, Ill. "Find your own strengths, the things that give you good feelings."

Part of the problem is that some areas have more measurable rewards than others. Everyone sees a shelf full of trophies or a great report card. But what if you have average intelligence and are a great friend? Be proud of what you do, Goldstein says, and display the awards or good evaluations you get.

What if your parents make comparisons that make you feel like giving up? Goldstein advises, "Tell your parent,'Mom or Dad, I wish you could find things that are special about me too. I'm different, not better, not worse, just different.' "

Then tell your parents what you do value. If you haven't figured out what you're good at or really care about yet, keep trying. Do volunteer work, try different sports, grow a garden, play with a variety of art forms — anything that makes you feel good about yourself.

So the next time you hear how many gazillions of dollars Britney Spears makes, or how Tiger Woods was an amazing child golfer, don't compare them with yourself. Remember, some people are funny, some lift weights, some are musicians and some know how to make others feel good. You can bet that you're special at something!

— KRT

Pen Pals

Hi! I'm a 14 year old girl looking for boy or girl penpals the same age, anywhere in Canada. Like the bands, Blink 182, Vengaboys, M2M and am a major fan of Christina Aguilera. Also like soccer, biking, strawberries and watching shooting stars. If interested, write: Madalin Dzialo, Box 62, Medstead, Sask. S0M 1W0.

Hi! My name is Candy Cull. Would like a boy penpal age 9-12. Hobbies are cats, Pokemon, and basketball. If you are interested, please write: Box 460, Bengough, Sask. S0C 0K0.

Hi! My name is Erin Sparkes. Am looking for a girl penpal age 7-9. Hobbies are crafting, drawing and writing. Favorite color is pink. Favorite animal is a cat. Write to: 3955 McNeil St., Terrace, B.C. V8G 3L3.

Hi! My name is Emily Bayfield. Would like a penpal ages 13-15. I am 13, homeschool and interests are horseback riding, swimming, skating, all sports, camping and the great outdoors. Please write to: Box 193, Claresholm, Alta. T0L 0T0.

Hi! My name is Traci Lawrence and I'm 11 years old. Am looking for a penpal ages 10-12 years old. I enjoy dancing, shopping and reading. If you want to be my penpal write to: Box 314, Colonsay, Sask. S0K 0Z0.

Amanda, aged 5, would like to be a penpal. She likes animals, especially kitties, making stuff, drawing and likes the computer. Please write: Amanda Kammer, Box 23, Landis, Sask. S0K 2K0.

Hi! My name is Kaitlin Harasen, 7. I enjoy Ukrainian dancing, reading novels, playing on the farm, riding bikes and others things. Will respond to any letters. Write to: Box 23, Wroxton, Sask. S0A 4S0.

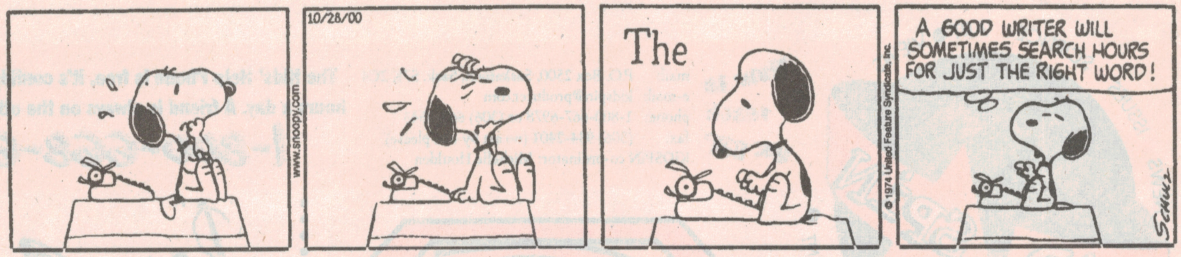
Hi! My name is Holly Borwick, 9. Am looking for a penpal age 8-10, boy or girl. I live on a farm and enjoy hockey, skiing, baseball, animals, reading, and drawing. — Box 909, Drumheller, Alta. T0J 0Y0.

Hi! My name is Kayla Rozak, 10 years old. Am looking for a penpal ages 10-12. Like reading, dancing, piano and swimming. Please write to: Box 302, Waskatenau, Alta. T0A 3P0.

Hi! My name is Fay Hauber, 11 1/2 years old. Am looking for a boy or girl penpal ages 11-13. Interests are baseball, using computer, reading, writing and listening to music. If you are interested, write to: Box 489, Cudworth, Sask. S0K 1B0.

Hi! My name is Bailey Sandon. I'm interested in sports, dance, drawing, horses and much more! I would like a girl penpal from age 9-10. Please write to: Box 314, Craik, Sask., S0G 0V0.

PEANUTS Classics



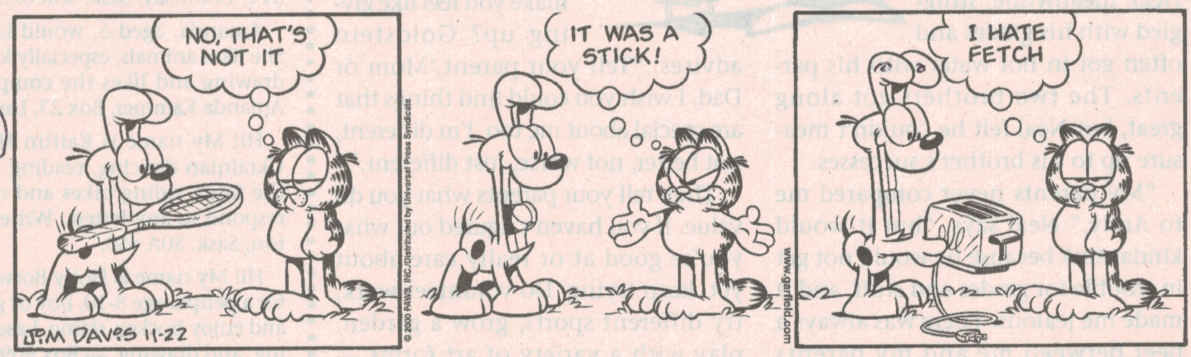
RURAL ROOTZ

LOOK AT ALL THOSE GIFTS SANTA'S GOT! I BET WE GET ONE!
VISIT WITH SANTA
YIPPY SKIPPY!
...THERE YOU GO, YOUNG MAN! MERRY CHRISTMAS!
THANK-YOU, SIR!
© 1997 Craig George
HA-HA! YOU MUST BE A BAD KID! SANTA ONLY GAVE YOU A LOUSY SUCKER!
STICK AROUND AND SEE US GOOD KIDS GET THE REAL PRESENTS!
JAKE, DON'T PICK ON THAT POOR BAD KID!

For BETTER or for WORSE

I HAD A REALLY GOOD TIME TONIGHT, ERIC.
SO DID I.
10-28
WELL, HERE COMES THE AWKWARD PART. HOW DO I SAY "CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN" WITHOUT SOUNDING FOOLISH?
©2000 Lynn Johnston Productions Inc./Dist. by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
www.fborfw.com
DO I SHAKE YOUR HAND, KISS YOUR CHEEK... SAY GOODBYE AND LEAVE US BOTH GUESSING?
HOW SHOULD WE END THIS NIGHT, ELIZABETH?
LYNN

GARFIELD

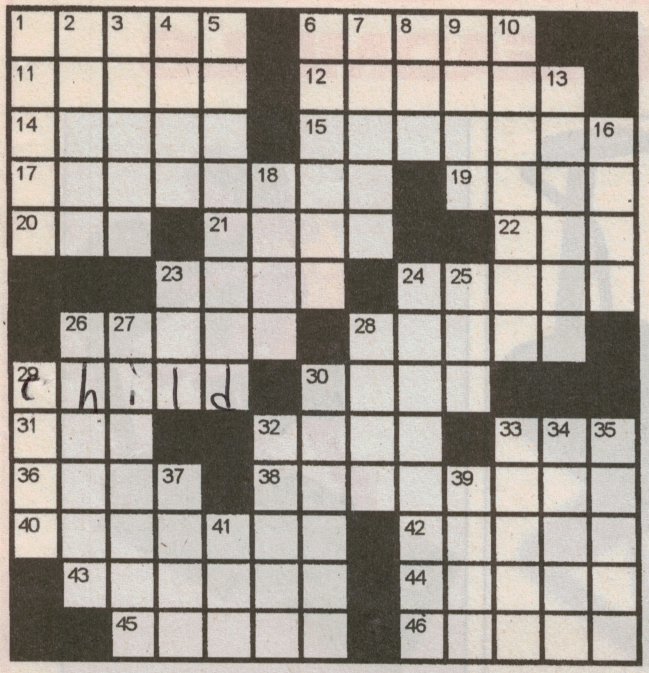


BETTY

UNSCREW THE PICKLES
OKAY!
POP!
PICKLES
© 2000 by NEA, Inc. www.comics.com 10-24
NOTHING TO IT!
I KNOW, I'D ALREADY OPENED THEM — I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF YOU MADE YOUR JAR OPENING FACE ANYWAY
HEY!

Canadian Criss Cross

by Walter D. Feener

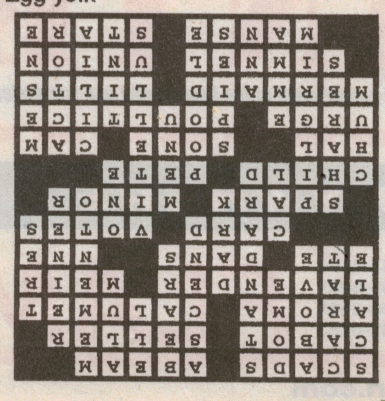


ACROSS

1. Large quantity
6. At right angles to a ship's keel
11. Matthew's skipper
12. Merchant
14. Fragrance
15. Peace pipe
17. Pale purple
19. Israeli Prime Minister
20. French season
21. Judo levels of expertise
22. Compass point
23. Thin pasteboard
24. Has suffrage
26. Small bit of fire
28. Under legal age
29. Son or daughter
30. "Our Gang" dog
31. Mr. Linden
32. Loudness unit
33. Machine part
36. Recommend strongly
38. Cataplasm
40. Imaginary sea maiden
42. Lively tunes
43. Easter fruit cake
44. Labor group
45. Minister's house
46. Penetrating look

DOWN

1. Come off like old paint
2. 200 milligrams
3. Overhead
4. Rounded roof
5. Transmission type
6. Go up
7. Puts up with
8. Pipe elbow
9. Mineral salt
10. Reminder of the past
13. "Meathead" of early TV
16. Very: Fr.
18. Time without light
23. Heat unit: abbr.
24. Egg yolk
25. Joined together
26. Enjoys together
27. Mayflower passenger
28. List of dishes
29. Fish used as bait
30. Curly-haired dog
32. Cavell and Mata Hari
33. Eyelashes
34. Dramatis personae member
35. Intermediate, in law
37. Austen novel
39. Pale color
41. Actress Jillian



MAILBOX

Listings are free but only run once. Please be brief. Issues are prepared three weeks in advance of publication date. Send info to: Mailbox, Western People, Box 2500, Saskatoon S7K 2C4.

Richmound's Heritage Continues, second edition 1999, $50 plus $6 postage. Hard-cover book, 536 pages, over 7800 pictures, colored end sheets. Contact Debbie Gergely, 306-669-4735. Mail cheque or money order to: Richmound Historical Society, Box 150, Richmound, Sask. S0N 2E0.

White Fox homecoming June 29-July 1, 2001. For further information contact Ann Riemer, 306-276-2134 or Kathy McAuley, 306-276-5792.

Manyberries Chinook – History of Manyberries, Orion, Glassford, Minda, New Home and Ranchville districts. Hard cover, 872 pages, approximately 1800 photographs. $50 plus $5 postage. Contact: Vivian Stuber, 24 Rae Place, Medicine Hat, Alta. T1B 3B6, 403-529-9204 or Esther Larson, Box 66, Manyberries, Alta. T0K 1L0, 403-868-2147.

Wanted: Child's storybook Socks for Supper by Jack Kent, 1978. Willing to pay a reasonable price. – Ruth Cook, Box 15, Steep Rock, Man. R0C 2Y0.

Wanted to buy: Bjorkdale history book, A Season Or So. – P. Boutin, Box 892, Tisdale, Sask. S0E 1T0, 306-873-5506.

Wanted: Crochet pattern for a nylon netted scratch pad, made from nylon netting, sometimes called scrubbies. – Laureen McPherson, 516 MacKenzie Dr., Swift Current, Sask. S9H 5B4, e-mail: dlmcpherson@sk.sympatico.ca.

Wanted: Recipe for quince jelly and jam and when to pick them. Also, the whereabouts of Fred Bateman and wife. Last lived in Burnaby, B.C. He worked at Frazer mills, Millardville, B.C. – Mr. L.A. Knight, Box 8735, Revelstoke, B.C. V0E 2S2.

Wanted: Bruno history book, Up to Now. Willing to pay. Please contact: Alois Helgert, Box 456, Bruno, Sask. S0K 0S0, 306-369-2378.

Kabrud School (near Lisieux-Scout Lake, Sask.) cairn and reunion plans for early summer 2001. Searching for former students and teachers. Family of Adelarde, Earnest and Marcel Gaudry, left in early 1930s for Manitoba. Please reply to: Irene (Kabrud) Loken, Box 555, Assiniboia, Sask. S0H 0B0.

Eldersley and districts history book, $25. – Marie Floch, Box 297, Tisdale, Sask. S0E 1T0, 306-873-4846.

LEONARDO da VINCI

Word Find puzzle
by Janice M. Peterson

When all the words in the list have been found, the letters left over will spell the solution.

D	M	N	O	T	E	S	G	N	I	D	L	I	U	B
F	L	A	P	E	R	S	P	E	C	T	I	V	E	G
L	U	I	S	N	E	G	D	E	L	W	O	N	K	N
Y	E	I	H	T	Q	I	D	E	S	I	G	N	T	I
I	R	S	S	C	E	M	N	U	E	R	W	S	C	T
N	A	K	S	E	D	R	O	V	E	L	A	K	E	A
G	R	E	R	E	L	N	P	N	E	Y	R	I	T	N
M	R	T	E	M	N	Z	A	I	A	N	D	L	I	I
A	O	C	T	A	G	I	Z	N	E	L	T	L	H	C
C	T	H	N	F	S	I	F	U	I	C	I	O	C	S
H	P	H	I	S	T	O	R	Y	P	G	E	S	R	A
I	L	W	A	R	T	A	N	K	S	H	R	S	A	F
N	U	N	P	F	T	S	C	I	E	N	T	I	S	T
E	C	E	N	A	M	S	T	F	A	R	D	A	V	D
E	S	L	I	A	T	E	D	A	N	A	T	O	M	Y

© Janric Enterprises

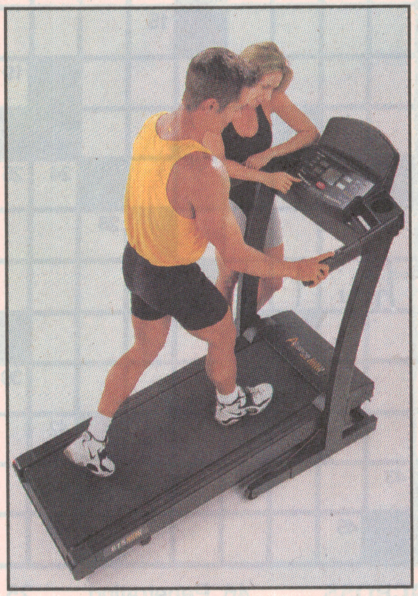
~~Anatomy~~
Architect
Buildings
Design
Detail
Draftsman
~~Draw~~
Fame
Fascinating
Finesse
Flying Machine
History
Inventor
Knowledge
Masterpieces
Math Puzzles
Mona Lisa
~~Notes~~
Painter
Perspective
Rare
Renaissance
Scientist
Sculptor
Sketch
Skill
Virgin and Child
War Tanks

Solution (14 letters):

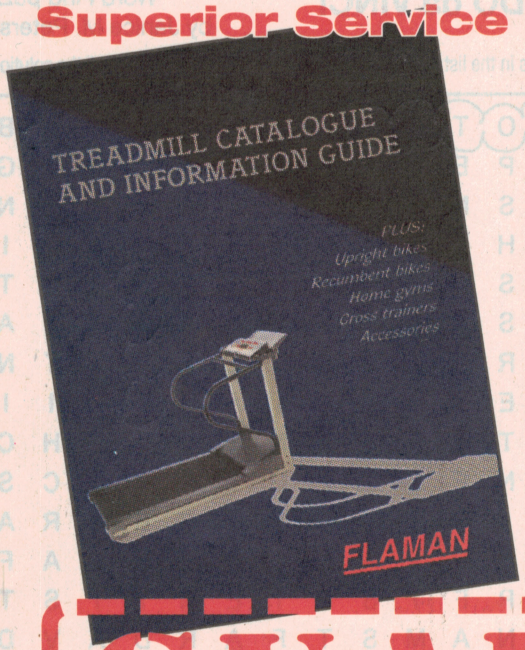
Uniquely gifted

28

WESTERN CANADA'S LARGEST SUPPLIER OF TREADMILLS



Superior Service • Great Quality • Fair Prices



Flaman Powertred surpasses all other treadmills in quality, durability and performance. I walk four miles every day on my treadmill, I've reached 1000 miles and worn out a new pair of running shoes.

Bob, Saskatoon, SK

This new Alliance is awesome! I had an older machine and now own the new Alliance. Wow, what a difference! I will never go back to any other treadmill! I call this the "lazy man's treadmill." I love pushing just one button to go to my desired speed or incline. I fold mine up and roll away when I'm done – easy as pie. I'm the envy of my neighbourhood. Thank you to Flaman's Treadmill Express for this superior machine and great service.

C. McDonald, Winnipeg, MB

For an honest deal, a great treadmill, fair price and very good service, we recommended Flaman to all our friends.

R.Z., & Ca Cathy, Nisku AB

Call The FLAMAN Store Nearest You
For Your FREE Catalogue

GUARANTEE

With your purchase of a FLAMAN Treadmill – you have our personal commitment to the best service and warranties in the business!

WE SHIP ANYWHERE

Saskatoon	1-888-435-2626	Winnipeg	1-204-453-3336
Southey	1-888-235-2626	Lethbridge	1-888-883-8081
Prince Albert	1-888-352-6267	Yorkton	1-888-296-2626
Edmonton	1-800-352-6264	West Edmonton Mall	1-877-352-6263

FLAMAN

www.flaman.com